

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PAGE 24.]

A black and white illustration of a man in a top hat and suit, sitting on the ground and looking at a framed picture of a woman. He is holding a small object in his hand. The background shows a landscape with trees and a fence.

"NOW FOR AN EFFECT."



CIVIL WAR.
(From Hood's COMIC ANNUAL.)

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Vol. XXVIII.

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1837.

Wood's Comic Annual.

[A PORTION of this budget of well-timed humour has reached us just in time to garnish the present sheet with a specimen of its good things—graphic as well as literary.]

HITCHIN HALL.

THE following Correspondence speaks for itself; and I am enabled to say that it speaks the truth. The letters are genuine, the names only being considerably disguised. The description of Hitchin Hall will probably remind the reader of an Insect Hospital, at Surat, described by Lieutenant Burnes; it was evidently a House, whose members would have voted unanimously for the admission of a few *Destructives*.

No. 1.

"To Messrs. Tuppinn and Co., House Agents, Regent Street, London.

"MR. TUPPIN,

"Mr. Groves being blind with a sting on his eyelids, as big as a pigeon's egg, I am necessitated to write, though unaccustomed to business, to say we can't go on suffering in silence any longer. It is more than flesh and blood can bear; and I really wonder, Mr. Tuppinn, you could allow a genteel family like ours, to domesticate themselves in Hitchin Hall. There has been a *shameful want of candour in the transaction*. Fixtures is one thing; but live things is another, and I don't romance, when I say we are eaten up alive! If the house was a pigeon-house, we could not swarm more with fleas, and you-know-whats besides;—and they are things I never could abide in all my days. A hint from you would have been only civil; but as I said before, there was nothing like *candour* in the case. My daughter, Belinda, says, she is sure there are scorpions, and if you could see her inflamed calf of a leg, I am sure you would say there was something out of the common run. Matilda thinks it must be Tarantellers, and as dancing is the only cure, I have had the drawing-room carpet taken up in case; which as it was only just fitted and put down, I consider a great inconvenience, especially as a *little candour* would have saved all the trouble. Mr. Tuppinn, it's one maid's work to sweep down the spiders, and the cook says she is quite sick of smashing the black beetles. I expect every day that the footman will give warning, for he is of a serious turn, and complains he can't sing his hymns in the kitchen for the crickets. The maids won't sleep in the garrets because of the death-watches in the walls; and, Mr. Tuppinn, there's the moth in every cupboard in the house! It's rather hard to have a good muff and tippet ruined, and Mr. G.'s great coat besides, for want of

a *little candour*! Our linen is going in the same way. I wish you could see one of Mr. G.'s best fine shirts: they're as full of holes as a cullender, as I thought at first from the clothes-pegs; but the laundress said it was the cock-roaches, and sure enough, I found a dead one in the drawer. *Common candour* would have informed we were coming in after a West India Captain; but I suppose such matters are secrets in trade. Mr. G. is as much put out of the way as I am, for he is very particular about his cellar, and the wood-lice, or something, have eat all the seals off the corks, so that he knows no more than the man in the moon what he is putting before his friends. But that's not the worst. Mr. G. is not so squeamish as some people, about animalculi; but I appeal to yourself, Mr. Tuppinn, if it's agreeable in dressing, as happened this very morning, to find a hundred legs in your boots?

"For my own part, it is lucky I am above interfering in the kitchen, for I can't bear a lizard, and cook says the efts come up the sink-hole, and she's positive our gnats and muskitoes are bred in the cistern. As for flies, they stick to every thing as thick as currants on a bread-pudding, and the blue-bottles have blowed more meat than would keep a poor family. It's paying rather dear, Mr. Tuppinn, for not meeting with a *little candour*!—and I am sorry to say we are indebted to your *closeness* for as many disappointments and disagreeables out of doors. The gardener grumbles from morning to night about his hard place, and says the blights are beyond every thing, to say nothing of sorts he never saw before. That was *candid* too!—I cannot go near my green-house, for it is all alive; and Baron has left off lighting the stoves in the hot-houses, for the warmth hatches out such swarms of grubs, and flies, and insects, as he says would astonish your hat off your head. As the same sort of thing happened the first time we heated the oven, I don't doubt his correctness; but really, Mr. Tuppinn, it's a great damp, and denial, and drawback, both to Mr. G. and myself, when we are so very fond of gardening, but of course decline enjoying only the unpleasant part of picking and scrunching. Indeed, I have never set foot in the grounds, since sitting down on the ants' nest, and our friend, Mr. Laird, says it's a species he never saw before, except in Africa. It is very pleasant, Mr. Tuppinn, to be plagued with the only things of the sort in England; but, of course, you was not aware of the foreign ants, or *common candour* would have dictated a mention. With a proper warning before our eyes, we certainly should have never embraced such dreadful disagreeables as we suffer with, but we never had a *candid* statement of what we were to expect. As such,

Mr. Tuppin, I hope you will feel due to your own character, to get the house off our hands as speedily as possible, and without any further expense; to the deceived parties. In the mean time, Mr. Tuppin, regretting your want of candour, I remain, for Mr. G. and myself,—Your very obedient servant,

"MARY GROVE."

"Hitchin Hall, Herts."

No. 2.

"To Mrs. Grove, Hitchin Hall, Herts."

"MADAM,

"In absence of Principals, am desired to inform, it is not customary to furnish such minute particulars as alluded to; cannot, therefore, consider candour as compromised by not including fleas, &c., in list of fixtures. Beg to say, we must decline letting again, except on usual terms, as inclosed, and am, Madam, for Tuppin and Co.,

"Your mo. obedt. Servt."

"JOHN SHORT."

No. 3.

"To Samuel Pipe, Esq., *Flamingo Fire Assurance Company*, Cornhill, London."

"SIR,

"It is my unpleasant duty to advise you, that on the night of the 10th inst., the messuage and tenement called Hitchin Hall, (No. 17501,) was burnt down to the ground without salvage. It was formerly in the occupation of the Hitchin Entomological Society; and the secretary, who was very curious in keeping and breeding all sorts of insects, resided on the premises. I have ascertained, beyond doubt, that the fire was caused by a pan of burning charcoal and brimstone, intended to destroy the larva, &c., being shut up in a bed-room, by the new tenants.

I am, Sir,

"Your very humble Servant,"

"PETER HAWKHURST."

[The Cuts need not explanation; their fun is eloquent: the latter represents the notorious rudeness of what is called *Civil War*.]

The Landscape Annual.

[THE Tourist continues his entertaining peregrinations in Spain, in this volume, which embraces Biscay and the Castiles, provinces especially interesting from civil war raging there at the present moment. Thus, in the contents of the opening chapter—from Bayonne to Vittoria, we find a Carlist Volunteer, Fontarabia, the Bidassoa, Tolosa, and Carlist Prisoners. The sad "affair" at Fontarabia is, however, of date subsequent to the Tourist's visit, (in 1835,) but he does not forget its glories in olden time. "Who does not recall that sublime recapitulation of the armies that amused his boyhood with their exploits, from those

That fought at Thebes and Ilium,

2 F 2

down to

What responds

In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne, with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia?

The letter-press is altogether of a livelier cast than in the preceding volumes of the Tour in Spain. The author, Mr. Roscoe, has successfully chronicled many of the characteristics of the Spanish people, and he is not so overawed with the magnificent structures of past ages as to forget the interest of the community of the present. His portraits of society—his road-side sketches and inn-sojourners—his sketches of the peasantry, their costume and manners, are extremely amusing.

The engravings, twenty whole pages, and a vignette, are from drawings by Roberts, and are admirably executed. The Frontispiece, the High Altar of San Isidro, at Madrid, is an imposing array; and the vignette from the Prado, at Madrid, is delicately engraved; Fontarabia, with the bay of the Ninette, is a charming scene; Iran, from the Bidassoa, is beautifully picturesque; as is also the Great Square at Vittoria, the light and shade of which are admirably managed; the same may be said of Miranda, on the Ebro—the shadows in the water are exquisite; Burgos, with its grove of Gothic spires, and Carmelite convent, fill five pages; the Staircase in the Cathedral is one of the most elaborate interiors lately engraved; of the Roman Aqueduct at Segovia there are two, fine views; the Alcazar, at Segovia, is a fine specimen of castled tower and spire height; the Escorial is finely treated, its magnificent proportions being duly preserved by the clever introduction of figures on the terrace; of Madrid there are four views—one showing the church of the Novitiate of the Jesuits, and another of the Palace, are picturesque; lastly is Toledo, the Sheffield of Spain, a masterly scene of light and shade, but mostly of saddening gloom.

[The following extract is a specimen of the general, characteristic interest of the work. It refers to]

SPANISH DANCING.

The ancient masters of the ceremonies still consist of two of the guests, selected by the visitors themselves,—namely, the *bastoneros*, and who, with hat under the arm and cane in hand, arrange the important details of the evening. One,—we hope it is not the cane,—presides over the ladies; the other,—we suppose the hat,—over the gentlemen; and it is the office of these masters to fix upon the dances, and who is to dance,

and whether minuets, quadrilles, or fandangos. Precedence and etiquette are the laws on which their conduct is based; add to which, a laudable desire to promote the acquaintance of those who sigh to become acquainted. The lady invited to dance first rises agreeably to antique custom, though it appeared strange to us, crosses the room alone, and places herself on the spot where she is to begin, without being indebted to her partner's gallantry and assistance; and when the dance is danced, the said partner makes his bow to her in the middle of the room, without giving himself any further concern about one who seems to be so well able to take care of herself. This custom, however, now only prevails, as it ought, in the provinces. The distinction in ranks, especially as regards females, is by no means so strict in Spain as elsewhere; and, at no distant period, persons of condition might have been seen dancing in the public market-places and squares, and mingling in all the diversions of the people: in Biscay, Navarre, and parts of Catalonia, the custom continues to this day. It is there, too, we saw some lively specimens of the *carricadanza*, an old favourite dance performed to the musical beat of the drum. But in Castile I was better pleased with the *guaracha*, danced by a single female to the sound of the guitar. It becomes the soft, serious look and graceful step, while the dancer, with motionless arms, often accompanies herself on some light instrument or other. Two other dances, peculiar to some districts in Catalonia, exhibit the same slow, solemn, and rather monotonous motion. In the first, a number of women begin with a stately measured step, one behind another, and one gentleman only at the commencement, another at the close of the file. The first leads, the second follows; but at every turn they change places, and he who was last gets first. The file sometimes stops, and forms into a circle. In a little while the file is broken; other gentlemen mingle in it, and each lady takes her partner. The whole dance next goes into a sort of circle; the men move through it backwards, each dancing before his partner, who fairly jumps him back into the set. The circle, the file, the crossings and backings, alternately succeed; the men sometimes playing the castanets—those who have none snapping their fingers. The second is much more lively, but still somewhat tedious and uniform; and both are danced in turns to the sound of the bagpipe, the drum, a flageolet, and flutes made like a hautboy. We remarked that the dances of Cerdagne, Ampurdan, and the bordering province of Roussillon, do not much differ, and are performed to the same kind of instruments. We saw some of the Valencian dances, on the other hand, executed much in the manner of the old ballets,

which evinced considerable dexterity and address. To display their precision of step, they place a number of eggs at short intervals from each other. Through these they fly around with extraordinary skill, without touching a single one of them. In a still more favourite dance the performers are furnished with a little stick, two feet and a half long: by striking them sharply together, they contrive to beat time instead of each other; and still, throughout the continued rapidity and complexity of their motions, in every possible position, they always manage to sound them at the same moment; and the music of the sticks, now quick, now slow, invariably hits the time, and falls on the ear in perfect concord. Still, none of the dances peculiar to the provinces can rank in the estimation of the public with the antique fandango, the modern bolero, and the seguidilla, a sort of ballet intended to represent the best points of the other two.

The Keepsake

[Is edited by the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, and comprises some fifty pieces in verse and prose. The list of contributors is a bold phalanx of rank and talent. Among their offerings we are disposed to admire most, Remembrance, some touching lines, by L. E. L.; I am come but your spirits to raise, by Lady E. S. Wortley; Francesca Foscari, by the Countess of Blessington; Nothing, a "trifle light as air," by the Hon. G. F. Berkeley; and the Orphan of Palestine, by Lord W. Lennox; besides our extracts, the first being by the Editor:]

A VISIT TO MADAME LETITIA, MOTHER OF NAPOLEON, MAY 26, 1834.

It was on a beautiful morning in May that we drove up to the splendid palace of Madame Letitia. I was determined, if possible, before I left Rome, to look upon the mother of Napoleon. Let the supercilious and the unimaginative say what they will, and sneer as they may, I must confess to the weakness, (if weak—as it were,) of being extremely anxious to behold that celebrated woman. Surely, surely, if in herself she was nothing interesting or remarkable, the extraordinary fortunes in which she had borne her part, the unparalleled vicissitudes, and reverses which she had witnessed and endured, and that stupendous pageant which had unfolded, blazed, and faded under her very eyes, would be enough to excite some degree of interest and curiosity in even the least reflective mind concerning her: but did not Napoleon himself say, "All that I am or have been, I owe to my mother."

Still I am aware that many there are in this world, who through vulgar prejudice and stolid ignorance, cannot view things in this way, and who can see nothing in beings

who have been the victims of such reverses, but individuals thrust back again to the station for which it appears to them Providence originally designed them. Have these superficial observers forgotten that *that* Providence in its infinite wisdom and intelligence must have foreseen and ordained every event and issue of the lives of persons destined to fill such important parts in the great drama? and if mighty trials and tremendous reverses awaited them, doubtless fitted their natures and their minds to meet and sustain them; does not this make them objects of interest? ay, and of profound interest, too, to minds not stupefied to the last degree by thick-sighted prejudice and gross insensibility. But enough of these! It was not without great difficulty that we accomplished our object, all the answer we could elicit to our inquiries being that Madame Letitia had kept her bed for several years, and made it a rule never to see any one. At length, however, perseverance overcame all obstacles and, chiefly through the instrumentality of Lady Dudley Stuart's name, the granddaughter of the venerable Madame Letitia, and niece of Napoleon, with whom by marriage we were connected, we obtained admission to the palazzo, and had the pleasure of an interview with Mademoiselle Rose Meline, who in the most amiable manner promised to convey to Madame Letitia our earnest desire of admittance into her presence. Mademoiselle Rose speedily returned, and informed me Madame Letitia would see me, but was sorry she could not also receive my husband, who was with me. I immediately followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber, and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madame Letitia was at that period *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quickness and brilliancy of her large, speaking eye was most remarkable. She was laid in a small, white bed in one corner of the room, to which she told me she had been confined for three years, having as long as that ago had the misfortune to break her leg. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large, full length portraits of her family, which covered every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their kingly robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. After a few minutes' conversation, she informed me that she had not seen any English person for the three years she had been confined to her room, with the exception, if I remember correctly, of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Dudley Stuart, who she afterwards confessed to me were the only English she ever liked; adding with a mournful expression of countenance, and in a deprecatory

tone, that she thought I could not wonder at her thus entertaining inimical feelings towards my countrymen. I told her I was not indeed surprised at her sentiments, and added, that we should not have ventured to have attempted intruding ourselves upon her, had we not considered we had some slight claim on her indulgence, from our connexion with Lady Dudley Stuart, and I then entreated her to allow me to introduce my husband to her. After some difficulty, I succeeded in gaining my point, and obtained admission for him.

After the little preliminary formalities of an introduction, he assured her how very grateful he felt to her for having thus consented to extend to him the kind indulgence she had already shown towards me; and, as I had just before done, observed, that nothing but our connexion with Lady Dudley Stuart would have emboldened us to ask so great a favour, and that our hopes of an interview with her had been grounded entirely upon that connexion.

Upon which, in the most amiable, friendly, and flattering manner possible, she extended a hand to each of us, and said in the kindest and most cordial tone—

"Eh! je vous reçois comme mes parens." She, then seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked us if we did not admire it, gazing herself at it proudly and fondly, and saying—

"Cela ressemble beaucoup l'empereur, oui, cela lui ressemble beaucoup!"

And, then observing the very great interest I took in it, she begged me to walk into the adjoining room, where she said there was a bust of the emperor that was the very image of him, and also one of the Duke of Reichstadt, when a child, that was an excellent likeness, and the very one that was sent to Napoleon at St. Helena, which was placed at the feet of his bed in his last illness, and was only removed *after* his death. I immediately obeyed, and was struck with admiration at the beauty of both the busts; the one of the infant King of Rome was angelic, and that of Napoleon, (which you could not doubt for a moment *must* be a likeness,) quite superb.

While I was examining and admiring these exquisite works of art, Madame Letitia, (as Mr. Wortley afterward told me,) dwelt upon the painful topic of St. Helena, and gave vent to many expressions that showed how bitterly she felt on the distressing subject of Napoleon's captivity in that Island, saying, that her son had died by inches there, and speaking in a strain of glowing indignation of Sir H— L—, whom she emphatically termed, "*ce bourreau*."

When I returned into the room I found her earnestly conversing on this subject, and I listened with intense and painful interest to

her energetic and impassioned outpourings of her feelings; and I must confess that I cordially assented mentally to much that she said. After a momentary pause, she again reverted to the magnificent pictures with which her room was literally lined, and drew my attention to the one at the head of her bed, (which was quite open, in the Italian fashion, without canopy or curtains,) informing me, that it was the portrait of her husband, Charles Buonaparte. She then particularized every one of those mute representations of the absent or the dead, giving me little interesting details of each; amongst others were a smaller portrait of Josephine, and one of the ex-empress, Marie Louise; also numerous beautiful miniatures of the different members of her family, amongst these was one of a beautiful youth, who had died, I believe, not long before; Mademoiselle Meline pointed this out to me, and said, whispering, that it was the resemblance of one of Madame Letitia's grand-sons, now dead, the delight and hope and pride of the whole family, but I cannot now remember of which of Madame Letitia's children he was the offspring.

After having attentively examined all these interesting pictures, I returned to take my place beside the bed of the venerable lady. I could not help feeling that she must exist, as it were, in a world of the past, in a world of dreams, in a world of her own, or rather of memory's creation, with all these splendid shadows around her, that silently, but eloquently, spoke of the days departed.

The limits that I have here assigned to myself are very confined, and I must pass over much of the conversation which ensued, only repeating one or two things that struck me more than the rest. Being the day we were about to quit Rome, we were compelled however much against our inclination, to shorten this interesting interview. Madame Letitia kindly and flatteringly pressed us to stay, until she was informed that we were actually going to start that afternoon from Rome. She then commissioned me to say a thousand affectionate things to Lady D. Stuart, and charged me to tell her that she ardently hoped she would come and pay her a visit in the ensuing winter; adding, with a tone and manner that I shall never forget, so profound and mournful was the impression it made upon me: "*Je vous en prie dites a ma chere Christine que je suis seule ici.*" Madame Letitia, whose quick and penetrating eye nothing could easily escape, detected immediately the expression of surprise that passed over my countenance, and proceeded to explain to me, that, in consequence of strong representations from very high quarters, the pope had insisted upon the withdrawal of those of her children who yet resided there with her, from Rome; and that she was thus deprived of the greatest and

truest source of comfort and happiness which remained to her at her advanced period of life, the society and affectionate attentions of her beloved family.

There was something in her manner of relating this that inexpressibly touched me; a keen sense of wrong appeared to mingle with a dignified patience and a noble fortitude and resignation, and I felt, as I looked upon her and listened to her, that I indeed saw before me one who had deeply learned the painful lessons of life, who had learned to "*suffer and be still.*" But it were in vain to attempt to describe the solemn sadness of her words and manner, when, looking round her with an expression of desolate sorrow in her fine, large, dark eyes, she concluded her recital with the pathetic exclamation of, "*Et je suis seule! Je suis seule ici!*" All the circumstances that combined to impress the mind: the spot we were standing on, "*Rome the City of the Soul,*" the Eternal City of the Past and of the Dead! rendered this mournful exclamation, pronounced, as it was, in a voice of the deepest emotion, more profoundly affecting than anything I ever heard before or since; and never will that melancholy tone, or those melancholy words, be effaced from my memory while I live. In the course of the conversation, which was begun in French, I discovered that Madame Letitia's knowledge of the language was considerably impaired, but yet she appeared to wish to continue conversing in it, though every now and then, Mademoiselle Meline translated to her in Italian what we said, and she herself occasionally concluded a sentence in that sweet language. Most cordial, most courteous, and most kind, were Madame Letitia's adieux to us, I felt, that in all human probability I should never again behold that fine, expressive, intellectual, and venerable countenance; and that consciousness shed a redoubled and sorrowful interest over those moments.

The Mother of *Napoleon*, he,

"The greatest, nor the worst of men,"

is now no more.

[The following has much of the raciness and wifful fancy of the celebrated author.]

A RIDDLE.—BY THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

On fluttering wings I early rose
In no exalted flight;
The lily in the shade that blows,
Not purer nor more white.

At morn'g 'twas my pleasant sport,
Adown the stream to glide;
I helped my mother to support,
And never left her side.

A reckless man, who sealed my doom,
Resolved a prize to win,
Dragged me remorseless from my home,
And stripped me to the skin.

He cropped my hair, that skin he flayed,
And then his ends to seek
He slit my tongue, because he said,
He thus could make me speak.

'Twas done—my name and nature changed,

For love of hateful gold,

With many victims bound and ranged,

To slavery I was sold.

I'm slave to any man, or all,

Yet do not toil for self;

Ah, though I'm ready at the call,

I cannot work myself.

Still, I in every language write

To every foreign land;

But yet, which may surprise you quite,

Not one I understand.

You tears and smiles I can excite,

Your inmost thoughts revealing,

Can give you sorrow or delight;

And yet I have no feeling.

I can dispense the royal grace,

Can make a man, or mar;

Confer a pension or a place—

A halter or a star.

The poet's verse, the doctor's draught,

Without my aid were failing;

Th' historian's page, the lawyer's craft,

Would all be unavailing.

Indeed, had man not changed my lot,

And claimed me for his own,

Shakspeare and Milton, Pope and Scott,

Perhaps had died unknown.

Wide spread abroad you'll find my fame,

In every shape and manner;

America respects my name,

'Tis blazoned on her banner.

On silver beds with lords I rest,

On wood with poor and wise men;

I clasp the tax-collector's breast,

And walk with the exciseman.

The dapper clerk, with office pay,

Who deaf to claims can be,

Although he drives me half the day,

Still lends his ear to me.

I'm growing old, and fate doth frown,

And altered is my station;

I'm cut by friends, who wear me down

By many an operation.

My mouth grows black, my lips are furred,

I never can get better,

I scarcely can express a word,

And hardly make a letter.

Long persecutions I have seen,

But *this* I must avow:

I think I never yet have been

So badly used as now.

[Next is a *gravity* of appropriate interest.]

STANES—BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

"Who is he that cometh from Edom? with dyed garments from Bozrah?—He that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength."

—*Isaiah*, c. xlii., v. 1.

DAYS are gone, by many a token,

Long foretold, but slighted yet;

Now the seventh last seal is broken,

And the sun in blood is set.

All the powers of Heaven are shaken:

Ocean yet suspends its roar;

While the eternal oath is taken,

"Time itself shall be no more!"

Hark! what voice of more than thunder

Fills the wide expanse of air?

'Mid the purple clouds asunder,

See the Son of Man appear!

Robed in Bozrah's garments gory,

Edom's colours round him spread,

Travelling from the heights of glory,

In his strength the earth to tread!

Not despia'd, forlorn, rejected,

As on Calvary's mount he stood,

By his timid friends neglected,

"In the vesture clipp'd in blood,"

By his seraph-guard attended,

Down he bends his sovereign way,

At that light of lights offended,

Sun, and moon, and stars decay!

One known tongue to every nation

Strikes the ear, and bursts the tomb:

Each long-slumbering generation,

Wakes to individual doom.

'Midst that host of sinners crowded,

Not one deed of guilt concealed,

Every wicked act unshrouded,

Every shameful thought revealed.

Where is now the bold blasphemer?

Palsied is his daring tongue,

While he looks on that Redeemer

Whom his impious words have stung.

If the best thy great salvation

Must attain with trembling fear,

Lord and Judge of all creation,

Where shall *sinful* man appear?

God of love! and mercies tender!

Stern to vice, to weakness mild;

Teacher, Saviour, Sir, Defender!

Save, oh save, thy suppliant child!

By the claims which saints inherit,

From thy blood, for sinners poured,

By thine all-prevailing spirit,

By thy covenanted word;

By thy tears in sorrow weeping,

Over hardened sinners' doom;

Take me to thy gracious keeping,

Lead me to thy glorious home!

[Our last extract must be the introduction

to a very pleasant paper—]

THE FANCY BALL.—BY THE HON. CHARLES

PHIPPS.

I DARE say few of my readers have ever visited the little town of Homes Grove; indeed, unless they had been determined to travel very far out of their road to wherever they were going, or had a second sight of the fame it was to acquire through the medium of this eventful tale, it is very improbable that they should have discovered a place which neither Mogg nor Patterson have been able to coax into any cross road between Falmouth and Berwick. Unknown, however, as Homes Grove may generally be as yet, and undiscovered by many as it may still remain, I can assure my readers that the interests, consequence, and notoriety of that small, unchartered collection of bricks and mortar appeared to its inhabitants as important and as worthy of attention as those of any city, reformed or unreformed, in the united kingdom. It had its great people, swelling with their own grandeur; its little people, puffing up to become of consequence; its select society and its vulgar set; its aristocrats and republicans; its geniuses and its men of sense; its wits and its butts; in short, an epitome of the whole household stuff of a large metropolis.

Amongst the greatest of the great, and the richest of the rich, was Mr. Leslie, the banker, who, if his wealth was to be estimated by the number of notes in circulation

with the design of Leslie Priory engraved in the top left-hand corner, and the autograph of Archibald Leslie written in the diagonal right-hand one, must have been more opulent than all his neighbours combined, as all their wealth appeared to consist of his money. Higher still in dignity, and the dispenser of all his wealth, was Mrs. Leslie, the mistress of Leslie Priory, and the wife of its proprietor. Of a size that should have ensured the stability of any bank, and a pomposity sufficient to maintain any consequence arising from riches, her broad face, like the reflection in a horizontal teaspoon, seemed still further to expand with irrepressible good humour, and her magnificence to grow more elated by the repetition of unbounded hospitality. Immeasurable, however, became this amiable expansion of countenance, and profuse almost to extravagance was to be this friendly entertainment of guests upon the 15th of July, 1817, when returned to his home the only son, the idolized child of this warm-hearted couple. Fresh from the glories of the late short but eventful campaign of 1815, polished and formed into a perfect *preux chevalier* by a two years' mixture in the society of the French capital, beaming with the beauty, and bursting with the spirits of youth, almost of boyhood, it would have been hardly possible to have imagined an object more formed to justify parental pride than Horace Leslie, the king of the intended feast, the hero who had scarcely numbered eighteen summers.

The long expected day of the projected *fête* at last arrived, hot and calm as could be desired; the sky was uninterrupted blue, the sun unsparringly scorching, and the lawn most thirstily brown. There could not be better weather for the description of *fête*, for it was one of those entertainments upon which you are allowed to remain upon an unshaded, dusty lawn as long as the sun retains its power; and when the evening becomes cool, and the guests are completely tired, you are permitted to rest your limbs and cool your body by dancing in closed apartments, the atmosphere of which is carefully warmed with a profusion of wax candles, and perfumed with a mixture of occasionally expiring oil lamps.

Mrs. Leslie was about by nine o'clock. By about, I mean she had been in every room, from the conservatory to the kitchen; in all the tents, the booth for the Bampford pandemics, the temporary cow-house for the syllabubs; had tried the spring of the boards for the village sword-dancers, and had paced the exact distance (twice to be quite sure) between the targets for the Homegrove Toxophilite Society; and had seen that the beef and plum pudding was "cutting up" for the country people, who were to dine at twelve; and the barrel of

ale rolled out to a spot where the men could easily walk to it, and stagger from it. Everything was in order; not a *contretemps* not a misfortune—except, indeed, that the heat had turned all the cream for the strawberries sour, and the long period for which the ice-house had been open, had converted that cool repository into a cistern of tepid water; but cream was always to be had in a dairy country, and ice always to be bought in a town like Homegrove, and thus the *rus in urbe*, or rather *urbe in rus*, removed all grievances.

Mr. Leslie had been at the bank since seven to get his business done by twelve, determined, for that day at least, to stop payment after that hour.

At the door of the mansion, upon that morning, Horace met his mother; he, bright with the hope of enjoyment, and the enthusiastic affection of an indulged son, she, flushed with unwonted exertion, and panting under the weight of flower pots for the entrance hall, and cut flowers to "grow spontaneously" in the jellies and *blanc manges*.

"My own dearest old lady," said the spoiled boy, as in his boisterous salute he upset one of the geraniums and half of the hoarded blossoms, destined 'sweets to the sweet'; "you look like the effigy on your clock of Summer stealing the flowers of Spring. Thank you for your scattered gifts," continued he, arranging a bouquet, "this will be just the thing to make me welcome. I shall be back by eleven."

"Why, where can you be going this morning, my dear Horace?"

"Where! where but to Binfield, to persuade Colonel Arnot to forget his gout, and despise his velvet shoe, and to bring Helen to the *fête*."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Leslie, more gravely, "there is no occasion to display such very great anxiety for the presence of Colonel and Miss Arnot, and I must seriously caution you against being caught by that girl's pretty face, for you know that they are as poor and as proud as last year's mayor."

"Oh, good by, dear mother," cried Horace, laughing and running away; "I no not intend to listen to a word against the power of pretty faces for the next three years; and as I am neither going to borrow money nor ask a favour, it matters little to me how poor or how proud they are."

Now I must in confidence reveal to my readers that this caution against the enslaving authority of beauty, which Horace laughed at as premature, could not, in this instance, be justly accused of any unnecessary precipitancy, on the contrary, it might better have been taunted with being what is called in vulgar diction, "a day after the fair:" for, in fact, Horace and the lovely Helen had long since been aware of, and

Some full homage to each others rare personal beauty, and though our hero's age was now eighteen, and nearly two summers less had ripened Helen to the bloom of sixteen, yet must I acknowledge that for some years past it had been thoroughly arranged between them that nature had formed them for each other. I entirely agree with a delightful authoress, that an early affection amongst little children is not so uncommon an event as to be considered a token of the precocity of some extraordinary genius; I not only believe that such childish preference is very common, but that where the seclusion of the country nurses these early ideas, their effect is often felt through life. This certainly was the case with the two of whom I write. But, indeed, it was hardly to be avoided that two beings so admirable should be aware of each other's mutual perfections.

I need hardly say that the united persuasions of Helen and Horace were sufficient to induce Colonel Arnot to rally forth from his usual seclusion; and that among the loveliest of the throng assembled on the lawn of Leslie Priory, none was so much remarked as Helen Arnot. The *fête* was very successful, and went off uncommonly well. There were few accidents. The sword dancers, to be sure, having had their share of the good cheer, and their turn at the ale barrel, before they were called upon to enact their pageant, soon allowed their pantomime to rise into a real fight, and were consigned to the charge of the parish beadle; the toxophilites shot a little boy in the leg, and the cow that was going to assist in the syllabub; but these were trifles where so many gay and joyous hearts were determined to be amused.

"What a delightful day we have passed," said Helen, as she threw her pretty, light bonnet on one side, and entered the ball-room with Horace, after having seen the sun set, the moon rise, the fireworks let off, and the variegated lamps grow dim; "what a charming day we have passed? you cannot have seen any thing much more delightful than this, Horace, even at Paris."

[The plates are mostly superb: among them we may particularize the Greek Wife, from Paris; the Mother, from Chalon; Francesca Foscari, from Meadows; the Lake of Como, a fascinating scene, after Stanfield; the Sea, the Sea, after Turner; and a Sea-Fight, by Vickers.]

The Book of Beauty,

[EDITED as heretofore by the Countess of Blessington, is distinguished by variety and brilliancy, playfulness and pathos, such as must entitle it to rank foremost among the Annuals for the next year.

The contributions are forty in number: of first rate merit among them is an ingenious and learned paper on the Romantic History

of the Arabs in Spain, by Sir W. Gell, "the last literary production of its gifted and amiable author;" *Francesca Fignatelli, a Neapolitan Story*, by the Hon. R. C. Craven; Could any other Conclusion be expected? a pleasant affair, by R. Bernal, Esq.; *Grace Falkiner*, by the author of Cecil Hyde; the *Honey Moon*, by the Countess of Blessington, too long for quotation; *Minna Mondaut*, a tale of the peasantry, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, a very gem; besides are—first of our extracts,]

TRIOLET—FROM CABBASTING.

By the Viscount Strangford.

A YEAR ago, a year ago,
I thought my heart so cold and still,
That Love it never more could know;
That withering Time, and Sorrow's chill,
Had frozen all its earlier glow,

A year ago, a year ago,
I said "I ne'er shall love again!"—
But I had not seen thee then!

A year ago, a year ago,
My soul was wrapped in grief and gloom;
And sighs would swell, and tears would flow,
As, bending o'er the lost one's tomb,
I thought of her who slept below!

A year ago, a year ago,
I felt I ne'er could love again—
But, I had not known thee then!

A year ago, a year ago,
All vain were Beauty's witching wiles;
And eyes of light, and breast of snow,
And raven tress, and lip of smiles,
They could not chase a rooted woe!

A year ago, a year ago,
I never wish'd to love again—
But I had not kiss'd thee then!

[Next is a tale of Old England.—]

THE BRIDE OF WALSINGHAM.—BY LORD WILLIAM LENOX.

"One adequate support for the calamities of mortal life exists—one only; an assured belief that the procession of our fate, however sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being of infinite benevolence and power, whose everlastingly purposes embrace all accidents, converting them to good."—*Wordsworth.*

It was early in the month of June, 1586, just as the soft twilight had faded into a serene night, when the furious galloping of horsemen was suddenly heard, as they rapidly advanced upon the ancient avenue of lofty pines, intermixed with linden, hazel, and drooping birch-trees, that led by a gentle, though somewhat circuitous ascent, to the stately castle of Sir Howard of Montague. This noble edifice, already old at the period to which our history refers, had much of that strength which distinguished the castles of the first Norman barons, while not as yet altogether secure from the despair, or the revenge, of the defeated followers of Harold. It consisted of a group of several lofty and irregular towers, guarded, as it were, by a vast esplanade of massive walls and exterior battlements, surrounded in turn by a deep and impassable moat; while far in every direction beyond lay a chase, or open park, of natural grass of almost interminable extent, shaded occasionally by the wide-spreading

foliage of stately and majestic oaks. An open bridge-way, rudely and hastily paved with sharp-pointed stones, now supplied the place of the more guarded draw-bridge; for the tyrannic jealousy of Elizabeth had caused many of the nobles of her time to adopt a style of openness and insecurity, in order that they might be unexpectedly assailed and overwhelmed by her power.

The sounds of the rushing steeds, as they sprang clattering over the causeway, startled a young and beautiful female, who knelt before a small altar of ivory, thickly overlaid with silver, within the deeply secluded sanctuary of a chapel, or oratory, which threw its single but lofty window, rich in "orient colour and imagery," in not ungraceful contrast to the sterner and more ancient masses of solid masonry around it. She dropped the small crucifix of ebony, that hung by a long descending string of onyx beads of the same funereal hue; and covering her eyes with both hands, awaited, in an attitude of attention that approached to terror, the event of her father, the valiant Sir Howard of Montague's mission. The agony of her contending emotions, equally the effect of hope and fear, was interrupted by the approach of Sir Howard himself, who, with a gentle step, which contrasted strangely with the full suit of armour in which he was enveloped, though partly concealed under the ample folds of a large riding-cloak.

"My child, my Lucilla!" he exclaimed, affectionately raising his kneeling daughter to his arms, "you have, indeed, cause to pray the favour of our guardian saint. Elizabeth is inexorable, and our friends remain shut up within the walls of York; nay, further, the craft of her councillors has gained to their party the father of your own affianced Francis Walsingham; and the apostate, Sir Hedworth Walsingham, is now leagued with the foes of Mary of Scotland, that beautiful martyr to our true and sacred Catholic church."

"And Francis Walsingham," answered the now weeping Lucilla, "has he, too?"

But the fearful question died away upon her lips.

"Nay, my child, he remains as ever, constant to you, and faithful to our blessed religion, to that true creed which alone is left to us, as a last and present hope of consolation. While other sectaries seek only to follow the frivolous suggestions of their own imaginations, and invariably sink down into trifling disputations with one another, till their faith becomes like broken waters, dispersed, wasted, and for ever lost; our zeal, founded on the sole Apostolic Scripture, will burst triumphantly forth from the ashes of our martyrs. But Walsingham, as some amends for his father's untimely defection, accompanies me in my attempt, which Heaven crown! to rescue Queen Mary from her,

perhaps, too soon impending fate, that beautiful and unfortunate woman, hunted by a heretical faction from her kingdom, and detained a captive, at first, by stratagem, and finally by force; and now about to perish for our sakes, since persecution, ruin, and threatened violence, have failed to compel her to forsake the faith of her and our own forefathers! And Walsingham, he seeks, in the presence of Father Eustace,—to whose excellent care I have lately intrusted you, secure alike in his piety, his devotion, and his fidelity to ourselves,—a parting interview, ere he set forth in our expedition of danger and hazard. Perhaps, Lucilla, 'tis to persuade you to become his bride."

"Alas, father! what you would propose may not be altogether foreign to the inclinations of my heart; but in my grief, in my sorrow for your hopeless and unavailing entreaties for the restoration of our friends to liberty and safety, how little am I fitted to form so solemn an engagement! You, too, who were faithful to Elizabeth, though still steadfast in your religion; and that same Sir Hedworth, once our friend, but who has deserted us, and perhaps connives at the detention of our friends, are neither of you in circumstances to authorize my yielding to Francis Walsingham's wishes. Alas! I cannot but shudder at the idea of uniting our fates at a moment so sad and inauspicious."

"And will you, then," replied Sir Howard, "punish the son for his better fidelity to our just cause; would you, indeed, my child, hold him, my faithful friend, responsible for ought —?"

"Than his true fidelity to the fair Lucilla," interrupted the young knight, Francis Walsingham himself, advancing from behind the noble choir screen of exquisitely carved oak — "Alas! you know not, Lucilla, how much more able I shall be to serve the queen you pity, were I but permitted to add your heart and name to mine."

"And, by the mass!" exclaimed Sir Howard, "here cometh our good friend, Father Eustace doubtless uneasy after our prolonged absence. Father, your holy services may be required: but, I pray you, counsel, not control the lady."

"His counsels may be kept for higher matter," said the Lady Lucilla, smiling kindly, but faintly, "nor shall I very likely require to be controlled where my affections have of themselves inclined. My hand, then, Francis Walsingham, is yours; and, when you would unite it with your own in that cause in which every Catholic feels her interest so necessarily involved, take my heart also; and let it ever constantly inspire thee to endeavour the relief of the young, the beautiful, the generous, the wronged, the betrayed, from the never-ceasing persecutions of her foes, of foes once friends, whom

she endured with power, whom she alone raised from their own hopeless insignificance; whether I would name to you a usurping brother, or the thankless husband, who, in return for a crown, commanded the murder of her friend! Gracious Heaven! how long will oppressions be heaped upon the down-trodden Catholic!"

Whilst contemplating the wrongs of her unfortunate brethren, Lucilla's fine countenance glowed with emotion, and her whole frame trembled under the dominion of the vehement feeling by which she was excited.

Father Eustace, who even in reproof did not put his Christian gentleness aside, now advanced; and, with an expression of patience, sweetness, and benignity, led the half-weeping girl to the altar. The nuptial ceremony performed, the bride of Francis Walsingham was consigned to the holy care of the good priest.

On the following morning, the gullant spectacle of warlike parade was once more seen in Hainaker castle. At an early hour, the chiefs took to horse. The march commenced in all the pomp of feudal times. At the head rode Sir Howard, attended by the young knight, both attired completely in armour. Two hundred men at arms followed, bearing on their helmets and shields the united crests of the Montagues and Walsinghams. Military music sounded. Pennons and banners floated in the wind lightly as summer clouds. Armour glittered on loyal breasts; and swords and spears, in true hands, glanced and twinkled like stars in a frosty sky.

The newly made bride was now left to brood over in solitude the fearful presentiments that anxiety awakened in her breast. A husband and a father's life exposed to deadly peril! how vividly did her imagination portray the dangers that menaced those so dear to her! She would start at the least sound, and fly to open the casement, expecting to hear tidings of the objects who occupied all her thoughts: but day after day rolled away, making her feel that weariness of spirit and sinking of heart, that ever follow hope deferred,—and yet they came not.

How often is the morning of life early clouded with those shadows that close upon the hopes of the best! The party of Lord Claud Hamilton, who had assembled his followers, and united himself to those of the chivalrous train of Sir Howard of Montague, was suddenly dispersed by treasons at home; ere Lord Claud, the most constant of all Queen Mary's friends in Scotland, since the death of Kirkcaldy of Grange, could set out upon his last perilous and determined encounter with her enemies. Thus the chiefs of the intended conspiracy were once more compelled to disperse.

After these disasters, to remain inactive

was impossible. Sir Howard, forgetful of his wrongs at the hands of Elizabeth, sprang forward to defend her from the dangers of the Spanish Armada: and Francis Walsingham sought glory under the banners of his gallant kinsman, Sydney, then serving in the Low Countries.

But decay, sadness, and death, awaited the return of the chiefs to the castle of Montague. Lucilla's health had been gradually declining; she had lost the fresh elasticity of form, and had become wasted, wan, and feeble, when a rumour reached the solitary bride of Walsingham, that her father had been assassinated, and her husband slain in a skirmish near Flushing; while more certain intelligence informed her of the destruction of her friends within the wall-skirted dungeons of York.

The unfortunate Lucilla sank under the pressure of the double calamity. To complete the measure of her sad misfortunes, the good Father Eustace was falsely suspected of having joined in a papist plot; and only at the entreaties of Lucilla could he be prevailed upon to withdraw from the castle, since a large reward had just been offered for his head. Grief and solitude were, therefore, the only companions of her lonely and expiring hours; for no gentle hand was there to smooth her dying pillow; no kind, well-known voice to respond to her last parting sighs. The good priest would, at the risk of life itself, have willingly attended her; but, with her dying breath, she besought that he would consult his own safety. Left to herself, religion shed its light upon her heart; faith renewed her sinking spirit with life and hope; and, recommending her soul to the prayers of the faithful, with meek confidence of triumph over death and the grave, she gently yielded up her spirit to Him who gave it.

The concluding passage of our history is easily told. Father Eustace attended the lamented remains of Lucilla to the funeral vault, called by his duty to perform the holy Catholic service for her welfare, content to sacrifice himself at the same shrine. The hymn consecrated to the repose of the dead had just been chanted, when the myrmidons of Elizabeth rushed from their ambush, and tore the faithful priest from the bier of Lucilla. At this eventful moment, Francis Walsingham, who had been despatched from the field of Zutphen with the news of Sydney's death, and who was speeding with the fatal tidings to the castle, now suddenly appeared. Casting a look of mingled frenzy and despair on the still unlowered coffin, he flew to the rescue of the good Father Eustace: but courage against numbers was of little avail; he fell, pierced with many wounds, and was that day consigned to the same sepulchre with his beloved bride.

Reader, in the small cemetery of Hainaker

is still to be seen a monument. It is the vault of the Montague family. The last inscription bears the date 1586, and runs in these words:—

LUCILLA WALSHINGHAM, aged 20.

FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, aged 21.

[A smart, pretty piece of poetry follows:]

VELICITE.

By the Countess of Blessington.

Oh! would I were a lady,
In costly silks to shine;
Who then could stand beside me?
What figure match with mine?
Who'd rave about my mistress,
With her pale, languid face,
If they could see my pink cheeks,
Edged round with Brussels lace?
How well her cap becomes me,
With what a jaunty air
I've placed it off my forehead,
To show my shining hair!

And I declare these ribands
Just suit me to a shade;
If Mr. John could see me,
My fortune would be made.

Nay, look! her bracelets fit me,
Though just the least too tight;
To wear what costs so much, must
Afford one great delight.

And then this pretty apron,
So bowed and filled, and laced,—
I hate it on my mistress,
Though well it shows my waist.

I must run down one minute,
That Mr. John may see
How silks, and lace, and ribands
Set off a girl like me.

Yet, all of these together,
Ay, pearls and diamonds too,
Would fail to make most ladies look
As well as I know who.

[From gay to grave—as to]

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF NOURMAHAL.

By L. E. L.

It was a large, lonely looking hall, with nothing in it that marked the usual splendour of the East. There were no carpets, and the mats were formed of the scented grass,—one of those common luxuries which summer bestows on all. The frescos on the walls were dimmed by time, and the golden letters of the sentences from the Koran were rough and dull. Still, there was much of cheerfulness, nay, of grace, in that desolate apartment. The silvery fall of the fountain mingled with youthful voices, and its spray fell like pearls on the lilies below. The slaves seated around were gorgeously apparelled; and the scarfs that they were working were scarcely less fresh than those that they wore. Seated a little apart from the rest, but equally busy with themselves, was a lady, employed in tracing some rich arabesques upon delicate white china. She was very young; but there was that in the compressed lip and curved brow which spoke experience,—experience which can teach so much, and in so little time. She worked like one whose mind compels itself to the task, but whose heart is

not in it. A deeper darkness filled the large and dreaming eyes; and more than once a slight start, and then a yet more rapid progress of the pencil, told that there were thoughts which had mastered for a moment, only to be put resolutely aside. But, as the colours became shadows, and the rapid twilight merged in sudden night, and the slaves eagerly sought the garden for their hour's accustomed relaxation, the proud and lonely beauty gave way to her reverie. A softness for an instant unbent the set and stately brow, and her small fingers woke, low and indistinct, a few chords from the chitar beside, and words almost as low and indistinct came from her lip.

Mournfully, how mournfully,
Think I of my lover!
Round a weary pillow
Does one image hover,
O'er the sunny waters gliding
Are many shadows thrown;
But the flower by its drooping
Sees one sweet shade alone.

"Folly, folly of the young and loving heart?" exclaimed the singer, ceasing abruptly in her song; and, drawing up her stately figure to its full height, she began to pace the solitary hall. "Folly, indeed!" muttered she, in a lower tone; "and yet, how I loved him! How well I remember the first day that the young and graceful prince came to my father's palace. My soul at once knew its predestined idol. With what delicious fear did I bind the yellow champac in my hair, when I met him secretly in the cedar grove! Oh, my father! was it not cruel to wed me with another? But even that hated link is broken! and how—" her face grew deadly pale, and the white brow glistened with the damps that rose upon it. The darkness seemed fearful; and, rubbing two pieces of sandal wood together, she hastily lighted a small lamp on a table near.

The startled terror of remorse that dares not think of what it fears, is as inconsistent as all other human feelings. The attention of Shire Afkun's lovely widow was caught by a mirror on the table. She took it up and gazed on the face it reflected, earnestly, coldly,—rather as woman gazes on the features of her rival than her own.

"I am beautiful," said she, slowly; "and yet that beauty, which is triumph to another, is to me mortification. He saw me, I know, when I was first brought here, prisoner, slave, in that harem where he once asked me to be queen. Can loveliness lose its power? Ah, yes! when love can lose its truth. Weak and impetuous, yielding to temptation, but trembling to enjoy the reward of the committed crime; such is the man of whom my heart made its divinity,—for whose sake I would have toiled as a slave; ay, and do; but with far other aim now. Let us but once meet again; Jehanghire, and thou art mine! but I

—I can never be thine again. Life, throne, fortunes, we will yet share together; but my heart, never, never more!"

For a few listless minutes she gazed from the window, rather for distraction than amusement. The Jumna was flowing like a dark and glittering beryl amid its melon trees. Perched on the topmost boughs, the herons rested their long and snowy necks beneath their wings, breaking with their white presence the long lines of shade. Some three or four little flames, like meteors, seemed dancing down the river, now flinging their tremulous lustre on the waters, now all but shipwrecked by the broad leaves and crimson flowers of the lotus. They were the tiny barks launched by her young slaves, formed of a cocoa-nut shell, and filled with fragrant oil, whose burning was to be an augury for the gentle hopes that trusted themselves to such frail freightage.

Nourmahal smiled bitterly, and turned aside. Such graceful fantasies belong to the childhood of Love: to Love, the credulous and the dreaming; and such Love had long since passed away from Nourmahal. She asked of Fate for a sterner sign, and a darker omen. The river seemed to mock her feverish unrest with its tranquil beauty. She looked out from another window, which commanded one of those vast plains—dry; bare, like the human heart, which so often exhausts its own fertility; yet there was something striking in the very desolation. The clear moonshine turned the sand to silver; and there it lay like a vast, unbroken lake, without ripple or shadow, one bright and glittering expanse. Suddenly the quick eye of Nourmahal detected a slight speck on the shining surface; it approached rapidly; and she saw a vast snake making its swift circles: one of its rings like dark jewellery, winding into another, till the vast expanse was passed, and its speckled length became again a shadow, a speck, and nothing.

"That reptile," muttered Nourmahal, "was the saviour of my childish life. I laugh at such vain belief, and yet it haunts me. I feel as if its presence here were an omen. Is my destiny about to fulfil itself?"

While she was speaking, a step at the extremity of the chamber drew her attention. She knew well the low dwarfish figure of the fakir that entered to ask that charity of which she was so lavish. "I am rich to-day," said she, giving the dwarf a little bag filled with coins. The creature took them in silence, and stood gazing upon her. The contrast was strange between them; the one looking the very poetry, the other the caricature of humanity.

"They were talking of you in the divan to-day; the omrah Mohareb is forbidden to appear at Agra."

"The shadow of the mighty emperor rests

on the meanest of his slaves," replied Nourmahal; and it must have been a keen observer that marked the small teeth that pressed the lip till it wore a hue like coral, ere the waters have dried upon it.

"The shadow was deepest on his own brow," returned the fakir; "the emperor was thinking of you, lady."

"And I," continued Nourmahal, "must resume my nightly task, or it may chance that, on your next visit, the poor will watch your going forth in vain."

The fakir took the hint, and departed, both understanding each other; and Nourmahal held her breath for a moment. It was as if to inhale a new existence; the light darkened in her eyes, and the delicate lines of her brow knit to almost sternness. The gilded balls of the ghurree dropping into the water, warned her of the hour, and clapping her hands, the sound assembled her slaves. All were soon seated at their accustomed task; and no one who had seen the lovely painter bending over the cup on which she was tracing, in a fanciful arabesque, the name of Jehanghire, would have dreamed of the agitation, that even her self-control could scarcely master. She felt that her destiny was on a cast. None but an ear, quickened as the mind can quicken the faculties of the body, could have heard a step that hesitated on the threshold. Nourmahal felt it on her heart,—not with the sweet, quick beating which it used to excite, but as the warrior hears the first trumpet of the coming battle on which he has staked his all. She moved not from her graceful attitude; and nothing could be better calculated to display her perfect form. The head, small as an Arab steed's, but with hair whose long, black plaits reached to the ground, bent so as to show the curved neck, and the finely cut profile, while the curled eyelashes told how dark were the eyes that they concealed. The whole position bespoke despondency; and so, too, did the dress. Her slaves were richly garbed, but Nourmahal had on only white muslin, without an ornament of any kind. In her belt, sole mark of her birth, was a small poniard; it had no sheath; but there was courted blood upon it. It was that of the omrah who had intruded upon her solitude but the evening before. Yet how little did the fierce or the scornful seem to suit the sweet, and face which Jehanghire saw drooping over his name. Jehanghire was the stranger on the threshold. He entered—all at once knew their master, and fell prostrate.

"Leave us," said the sultan, approaching Nourmahal. She rose on her knee, and remained gazing upon him, her large eyes radiant with delight.

"Nay," exclaimed she, as he took her hand to raise her; "let me be happy for a little. Let the sunshine of that beloved face

enter my heart. "It seems but yesterday that we parted, Jehanghira. Ay, still the same stately and glorious form that taught me to know how the gods look on earth."

"You have not forgotten me, then?" said the king.

A look was her only answer.

"This is but a gloomy place," continued he, glancing round. "You must be wretched here?"

"Wretched! I can sometimes see you ride past in the distance."

The emperor gazed on the soft, dark eyes, which filled with large, bright tears as they gazed upon his own.

"Why should we not be happy?" said he; "it is of no use dwelling on what has been."

Why should we part?"

"We have never parted, my lord," replied Nourmahal. "Do you think your image could pass from the heart where it had once been shrouded?"

The next day saw Nourmahal on a throne; Jehanghira at her side; the court at her feet. But there was a troubled shadow in the depths of those midnight eyes; and scorn curved the small, red lip, if for a moment its settled smile passed away. There was but one thought in her heart, half triumph, half bitterness.

"I have won him, and shall keep him; for to his weak temper habit will be as fetters of iron. I have won him—but how? He remembered not the earnest and devoted love of the young heart, which was his, and his only. Even my beauty failed to influence his selfish carelessness; but he is mine by a more potent spell. Love may be given in vain,—beauty may be powerless; but I have mastered by the deeper magic of flattery."

NOTE.

Those who only know Nourmahal by Moore's delicious description in "The Light of the Harem," the most exquisite painting to which words ever gave music, are little acquainted with the resolution and talents of this extraordinary woman. Jehanghira, after one or two fruitless attempts, had her first husband murdered, and herself placed in his harem. Yet, by some caprice of remorse, or of despotism, he never made an attempt to even see the object of his early passion. The weak only are discouraged by difficulties; and Nourmahal's ambition looking steadily onwards, she supported herself and slaves by the exercise of her abilities, whose display became the talk of the court. Every lover was steadily rejected; and her own hand and poniard avenged her when one of the omrahs intruded on her solitude. Jehanghira's curiosity was awakened; he saw her again; and from that moment began an influence which endured to the last. One of the many recorded triumphs of the strong over the weak mind.

[We conclude with a sketch which has much of the talent and pleasant extravagance of the author.]

CALANTHA.—BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

WHEN I first saw her, she was unconscious of my presence; for, following her father,

who was much a-head of me, down the long, dark corridor, I entered, in error, the room in which Calantha was sitting. My step gave no warning sound, having left my slippers—for I still cling to my oriental modes and fashions—in the hall of the castle. Her head leant upon her delicate, fair hand; her large, blue eyes were suffused with pensive sentiment; and those magnificent and hyacinthine locks, that, if the truth were known, I believe were half the secret of De Courcy's fatal defection, fell in artless profusion on either side of, what I might style, the voluptuous serenity of her countenance.

Wild as has been my life, quick and impetuous as are my feelings, with me the great charm in woman is, nevertheless, repose. And Calantha, with all her devotion, was so calm, that, amid all my anxieties, and all the singular adventures that I have related, when life, and fortune, and empire, were on the stake, her presence of mind seemed never to desert her. No whining, no fretfulness, no miserable lamentations in our adversity over lost splendour and vanished power: and, when the stream of our good fortunes ran strong and clear, no feminine exultation, but a lofty, yet subdued, demeanour, worthy of her great and romantic line, and her proud husband's station.

Who, that beheld this beautiful and serene being, born, as it were, only to love, and be loved, and who herself would have been content to have passed her life in a garden, with no greater cares than the tending of her flowers; who could have believed that her life had more abounded in stronger transitions and stranger vicissitudes than probably that of any woman of modern ages? She visited every quarter of the globe, and ruled in two; she mingled in battles; suffered the severest shipwreck on record; was immured in a dungeon; once nearly publicly executed; and, stranger than all, by her very virtues occasioned the death of her nearest and dearest relatives. Unhappy Calantha! thy horoscope was indeed mystical and wild, and yet thy soul was pure; and those large eyes that unconsciously hatched treason, never gazed upon the world but with a glance of charity and love.

As long as Calantha lived, I felt that my good genius had not deserted me. She gave me no counsel; she did not sympathize with my ambition; hers was not that restless brain that gains or maintains a crown; but she inspired me by the consciousness of her existence. In all my exigencies I remembered Calantha: the thought has preserved me from many crimes, and prompted me to many virtuous and heroic deeds. She was a spell of softness, and obedience, and duty, that environed my life. Her influence over my ardent temperament was as the rain on the Syrian earth. She spoke little, and seldom smiled; yet she was ever interested

when I addressed her, and always cheerful. Nothing ever surprised her; she received the most costly jewel like the most simple flower; and yet I never felt disappointed by her demeanour. She was never out of temper in her life; and she never told me that she loved me, except by her devotion.

Her death was remarkable, and yet in character with her strange career. She had been long declining—yet never complained. Rest and quiet, which from the moment we were united, she was never doomed to know, might have prolonged her life; but then came that unhappy flight from

and that turbulent and terrible scene in the port. I have witnessed stranger and wilder incidents than any living man; but I shall never forget that night, and the lurid apparition of the torch-lit boat that pursued us. Our voyage was prosperous. After some weeks we put into a small island harbour with which we were unacquainted. The isle was very small, but exceedingly beautiful; the banks richly wooded with spicy trees; while in the centre of the island rose a small chain of mountains of picturesque form. It was apparently uninhabited. The appearance of the country was so charming, that Calantha seemed disposed to explore it; and, attended by a small retinue, well armed, we proceeded for that purpose. We came, after a short time, to a small plain, which appeared to be the centre of the isle. Here were ancient remains of considerable importance; clusters of columns, of a style of architecture I had never before witnessed; a pyramid of white marble, the sides of which were admirably sculptured, while an enormous porphyry obelisk had fallen, and was half buried in the soil. The only trees here were palms; they raised beautifully with the columns.

At the extremity of this plain rose the chain of mountains of which we had before observed the summits. The soil was rich, and the vegetation vivid; not a cloud was in the sky; and the western sun was just trembling on the horizon. A beautiful, blended tint, delicate and shifting like the neck of a dove, was spread over the heavens. The moon was just observable, like a thread of silver, with a single star by her side. There was not a breath of air, nor, indeed, a sound. While Calantha, leaning on me, was watching the setting and the effect of its light upon the columns and palm trees, I was surprised to

[Among the plates most likely to become popular are the Fair Student, from H. Wyatt; the Marchioness of Abercorn and Child, from Landseer, the gem of the gallery; Habila, from Chalon; Grace, a charming portrait, by Stephanoff; Minna, by Parris, an interesting accompaniment to Mrs. Hall's story; and the Sultana, by Meadows.]

The Drawing-room Scrap-book.

[THIS is a handsome quarto volume of three dozen well executed plates, from pictures by first-rate artists: the subjects being landscapes, portraits, and fancy compositions. The accompaniments are poetical, from the accomplished pen of Miss Landon, and seldom has it been our good fortune to take up a work so highly imbued with the sublimity and fervour of true poetry. We subjoin three specimens:—]

ROBERT BLAKE, ADMIRAL AND GENERAL OF THE PARLIAMENTARY FORCES.

WHAT! will they sweep the channels
And brave us as they go!
There's no place in English annals
For the triumph of a foe.

Thus spoke the English admiral,
His hand was on his sword;
Hurrah! was the sole answer
From every man on board.

The Dutch came o'er the ocean,
As if it were their home;
With a slow and gliding motion,
The stately vessels come.

The sky is blue above them,
But ere an hour be past,
The shadows of the battle
Will over heaven be cast.

They meet—it is in thunder,
The thunder of the gun;
Fire sends the smoke assunder,
The battle is begun.

He stands amid his seamen,
Our Admiral of the White,
And guides the strife more calmly,
Than of that strife I write.

For over the salt water,
The grape-shot sweeps around;
The decks are red with slaughter,
The dead are falling round.

But the bold flag of Old England,
Flies bravely at the mast;
The Dutch take down their colours,
While the cannons fire their last.

From that hour victorious
Have we kept the seas,
And our navy glorious,
Queens it o'er the breeze.

Long may we keep such empire!
It is a noble debt
We owe to those past triumphs,
We never may forget.

HERCULES ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY OF MARATHON.

He cometh from the purple hills,
Where the fight has been to-day;
He bears the standard in his hand—
Shout round the victor's way!
The sunset of a battle won,
Is round his steps from Marathon.

Gather the myrtles near,
And fling them on his path;
Take from her braided hair
The flowers the maiden hath—
A welcome to the welcome one,
Who hastens now from Marathon!

They crowd around his steps,
Rejoicing young and old;
The laurel branch he bears,
His glorious tale hath told.
The Persian's hour of pride is done,
Victory is on Marathon.

